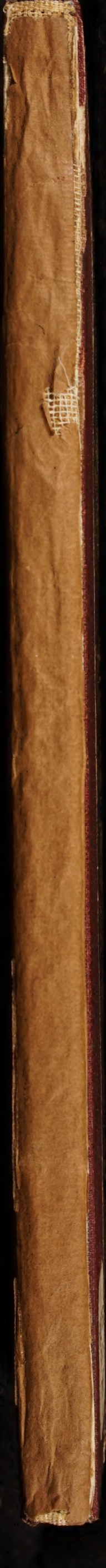


827.65  
S9  
1789  
9









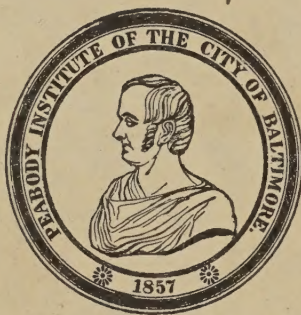






827.65  
599  
1789

PEABODY INSTITUTE  
LIBRARY



BALTIMORE

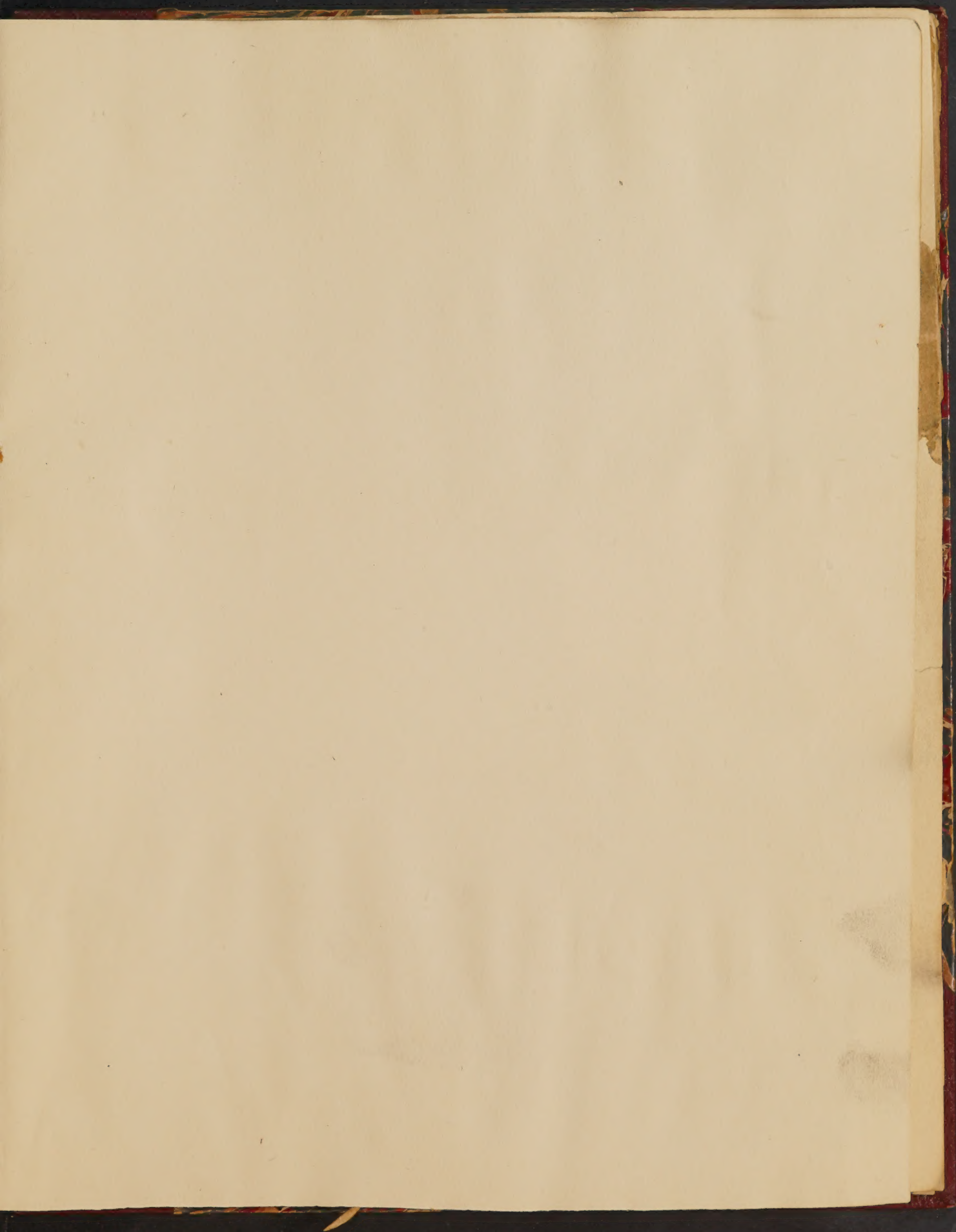














[Wolcott, John]

827.65

599

1789



S U B J E C T S  
FOR  
P A I N T E R S.

---

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

---

“ Qui veut peindre pour l’Immorta  
“ Doit peindre des Sôts.” F

---

A N E W E D I T I O N.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON’S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

Price ° THREE SHILLINGS and SIX PENCE.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS’ HALL.



97630



TO THE READER.

THE rage for historical Pictures in this kingdom, so nobly rewarded by Messrs. Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muses, tempted me to offer subjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakespeare and Milton are exhausted, I may presume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our British bards, may be adopted by the brush of Genius. Had I not thus stepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed so necessary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by têt-makers, perfumers, elastic trufs, and Parliament speechmakers, &c., who, in the daily newspapers, are the heralds of their own splendid abilities, I might possibly be passed by without observation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be sacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaise honte*.







---

SCENE, the ROYAL ACADEMY.

---

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!—

I come not with hostility, but greeting—

Not eagle-like to scream, but dove-like coo it—

I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,

To flash, and act as journeyman to Time—

The God himself is just arrived to do it..

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,

I come not with the shafts of satire sporting ;

Then view me not like Stubbs's staring horse,

With terror on th' approaching lion snorting ::

I come to bid the hatchet's labours cease,

And smoke with friends the calumet of peace..

B.

Knight



Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,  
And, like some long-ear'd creatures, bray "what art?"—

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—  
I come not here, believe me, to complain  
Of such as dar'd employ thy building brain,  
And criticise an æconomic error\*.

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,  
And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;  
Or copy heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,  
To give stability to stone and brick;  
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout—  
The very stones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,  
And call thee for the workmanship hard names;  
To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,  
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

\* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The Nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

Nor



Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,

For putting clever Academic men \*,

Like calves or pigs, into a pen,

To see the King of England and his dame,

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot ;

'Midst peopled windows, chimnies and old walls ;

'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,

Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's.

Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,

The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,

Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,

And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob.

Wash'd many a visage, black and brown, and fair,

Giving to each so picturesque an air ;

\* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

Resembling



Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,  
 Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls;  
 Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,  
 Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O, West, that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,  
 Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear,  
 Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine;  
 'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures,  
 So very, very feeble in their natures,  
 Already gasping in a deep decline!

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed,  
 Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed:  
 No—peace and happiness attend 'em;  
 Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime  
 Of over dealing in the true sublime;



I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound ;  
 Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,  
 That too divine effects of light and shade  
 Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,  
 That elegance, expression, spirit,  
 Too strongly from the canvass blaze ;  
 And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise :  
 Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush ;  
 The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,  
 " Here lies below a painter's clay,  
 " Who work'd away most furiously for Kings,  
 " And prov'd that fire of inclination,  
 " For pleasing the great Ruler of a Nation,  
 " And fire of genius, are two diff'rent things."

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,  
 Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,  
 That limbs in spasms and crack'd, and gogling eyes,  
 With grandeur cannot well exist.

C

Nay,



Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,  
Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to romance——  
Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint;  
Yet let me tell the fons of paint,  
Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide faucer eyes and dire distortion,  
Will only make a good abortion.

No, landscape painters, let your gold streams sleep——  
Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,  
And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,  
And golden goats, the golden grafs that brouze,

Which with such golden lustre flame,  
As beat the very golden frame.  
Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!  
Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, ye sov'reigns of the brush,  
With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,



And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue ;  
 And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,  
 Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,  
 And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,  
 To give the lady a green gown so sweet,  
 On beds of roses, Love's delicious feat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come

To this great dome

To offer subjects to the sons of paint :  
 Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,  
 Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King,  
 Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd faint ;  
 Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,  
 And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,

Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,  
 Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking ;  
 Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,  
 Why springs the man of hist'ry, Master West,  
 And cries, " Off, off ; your tales and hints are shocking ;

" Inven-



“ Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn’d lies ;  
 “ Kings and the world besides, thy spite, despise.

“ Sir, you’re a liar, ev’ry body knows it ;

“ Sir, every stupid stanza shows it :

“ Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen ;

“ In spheres too high their orbs superior roll

“ By thy poor little grov’ling, mole-ey’d foul,

“ Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

“ Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,

“ The two first luminaries of the nation,

“ So meek, good, gen’rous, virtuous, humble, wise ;

“ Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,

“ Curs’d with a conscience blacker than my hat,

“ Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

“ Go, pour thy venom on my Lear\* —

“ A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear :

\* A pretty iron-staring Sketch now in the Exhibition.

“ King



“ King Lear, to mortify thee, goes

“ Where Majesty delights with West to prate,

“ Much more than Ministers of State,

“ Where thou shalt never show thy nose !

“ Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,

“ Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy rhyme ;

“ Where ev'ry Cook, it is my firm belief,

“ Would nobly make it a religious point,

“ Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,

“ To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

“ There's not a shopkeeper in Windfor town

“ That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee, drown,

“ That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes and tales ;

“ That doth not think thy Odes would give disease

“ To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheese,

“ Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

“ The very Windfor dogs and cats,

“ The very Windfor owls and bats,

D

“ Would



“ Would howl and squawl, and hoot and shriek to meet  
 “ Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

“ The fervant maids of Windsor from each shop,  
 “ Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,  
 “ Their loyal sentiments would disembugue,  
 “ And taunting cry, ‘ There goes a lying rogue.’

“ Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inspire;  
 “ Consummate insolence thy verse provoke!  
 “ Fool! to believe thy muse a muse of fire,  
 “ A chimney-sweeper’s drab, a muse of smoke.

“ The very bellman’s rhymes possess more merit;  
 “ Nay, Nichols’ magazine exceeds in spirit:  
 “ A printer’s devil with conceit, so drunk,  
 “ Who publishes for gentleman and trunk;

“ Who sets up author on old Bowyer’s scraps;  
 “ Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps  
 “ That hungry authors gave to Bowyer’s door,  
 “ To swell the curious literary store:



" Who on a purblind antiquarian's back,  
 " A founder'd, broken-winded hack,  
 " Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones——  
 " On darkeſt coins the brighteſt legend reads,  
 " On traceleſs copper ſees imperial heads,  
 " And makes inſcriptions older than the ſtones.

" Too bids, to give his customers ſurpriſe,  
 A Druid altar from a pigſtye riſe.  
 " Yes, Nichols aping wiſdom through his glaſſes——  
 " Thee, thee Apollo's ſcavenger, ſurpaſſes.

" Soon ſhall we ſee the Fleet thy carcaſe wring,  
 " Mean thro' the priſon grate for farthings angling,  
 " Suspending feet of ſtockings by a ſtring,  
 " Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling ;

" Whiſt iſſuing from thy mouth begrim'd with beard,  
 " Thy pale noſe poking thro' thy priſon hole,  
 " The hollow voice of miſ'ry will be heard,  
 " ' Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry ſoul :

" ' Have



“ ‘Have pity on a pris’ner’s case so shocking—

“ ‘Good Lady, put a farthing in the stocking!’

“ What impudence thus bold a face to push!

“ Arm’d with a winking light of paltry rush,

“ As if with Truth’s bright torch, into our room;

“ To dart on ignorance the fancied rays—

“ To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,

“ And kind illumine error’s midnight gloom.

“ Get out, and pertly don’t come troubling *me*;

“ A dog is better company than *thee*.”

I thank ye—much oblig’d t’ye, Master West,

For thoughts so kind, and prettily exprest;

Yet won’t I be refus’d, I won’t indeed;

You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint;

This memory of mine contains a mint;

And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright King and Queen,

Their names are sacred from the poet’s spleen—

Peace



Peace to their reign ; they feel no more my jokes,  
Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,  
Or full as wisely count their cash at home,  
My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,  
I fight not for the ven'fon of a throne :

Nay, flattery doth not with my pride agree ;  
A toadeater's an imp I don't admire ;  
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire——  
I've *seen* my Sovereigns—that's enough for *me*.

A thousand themes for canvass I could name,  
To give the artist beef and fame :

Lo ! Hodfell in his country seat so fine,  
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,  
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,  
Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

E

Where



Where Phœbus strikes to cabbages his strings,  
 Where Love o'er garlick waves his purple wings,  
 Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans;  
 And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,  
 The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,  
 Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;  
 Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,  
 And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.



A mighty warrior in the House of Lords,  
 Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;  
 Eating, poor man, his own sad words,  
 Exceedingly against his noble will;

Whilst Rawdon by his side, with martial face,  
 Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;  
 Would make an interesting scene, indeed,  
 And show the courage of King Charles's breed!



How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat  
 Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,  
 At which its little soul revolts,  
 With wrigling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note ;  
 Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,  
 Or taste a bitt'rer dose, the threat'ned scourge !

Or Richmond \*, watchful of the State's salvation,  
 Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation ;  
 Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,  
 Improving thus the nature of great guns ;  
 Guns blest with double natures, mild and rough,  
 To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.  
 Or Richmond † at th' enormous reck'ning struck,  
 At Portsmouth batling hard about a duck.

A cer-

\* The Duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May, 1789, were seriously tried, and, like many a Nobleman, found too *soft*.

† At Portsmouth his Grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends ; and because no impression had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master  
 General



A certain high and mighty Dutcheſs,  
 Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,  
     Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;  
 Whoſe flax in heaps is ſeen to fly around,  
 Whiſt he, pale wight, emits a plaintive ſound,  
     Like animals that furniſh man with veal;

Would make another pleaſing ſcene,  
 Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;  
 Longing to ſhine a firſt-rate ſtar at Court,  
 For ſatire's pen, a ſubject of rare ſport;  
 Longing to purify a luckleſs blood,  
 Deep-ſtain'd, and ſmelling of its native mud.

General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the county of Suffex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter, &c., thought it a grievous impoſition, and conſequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

The



The valiant Gloster at the army's head,  
 Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;  
 In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,  
 Would glow with such an air of truth! —  
 Not on a jackass mounted, but a steed  
 Of old Bucephalus's breed.



Salisbury examining the iron hands  
 Of Fame's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,  
 That clap our Kings to Parliament and play—  
 Salisbury, too, gauging all their gaping throats,  
 Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,  
 That money may'nt be thrown away :

Resolv'd from those same legions of vulgarity,  
 To get full pennyworths of popularity;  
 Resolv'd his master shall be fairly treated,  
 And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.

F

Suppose



Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle

A pretty opportunity to smile,

You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place \*,

Where fair Philosophy, the heav'nly dame,

By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,

No longer shows her exil'd face ;

Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,

Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies.

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,

With many a parasitical dear guest,

Swol'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,

Throwing away of learning such a waste,

And proving his superior classic taste,

By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig.



Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,

Imploring money for a King ;

Telling most mournful tales of civil list,

The Lady's tender heart to wring,

\* The Royal Society.



Tales of expence in Doctors' bills,  
 High price of blisters, bolusses and pills,  
 Long journey to St. Paul's t'oblige the nation,  
 And give God thanks for restoration:  
 Britannia with arch look the while,  
 Partaking strongly of a smile,  
 Pointing to that huge dome \*, the nation's wealth;  
 Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,  
 And all so modest with their secret store,  
 Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.



Brudenell and Symonds † with each other vying,  
 Sweet youths! for little Norman's‡ favours fighting,  
     A picturesque effect would form;  
 That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,  
 This with the yielding damsel in his arms,  
     Taking the citadel by storm;

\* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.s's contest for the charming prize  
 is well known to the Opera House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

That



That running with the girl in triumph off,  
This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.



A great law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,  
Compell'd to kneel and pray\*, who swore his pray'rs,  
The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,  
Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,  
Declaring nought was ever bolder,  
Admiring such a novel mode of finning :

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,  
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare ;  
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,  
Which nothing but an English tar would act——

In ships of war, on Sundays pray'rs are giv'n ;  
For though so wicked, sailors think of heav'n,

\* On the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's.



Particularly in a storm ;  
 Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,  
 Their souls are in a miserable funk,

Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,  
 If in his goodness only once, once more,  
 He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,  
 They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs ;  
 For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,  
 " Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met  
 To hear the parson preach and pray,  
 All but a boy, who, willing to forget  
 That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away ;  
 And, thinking praying but a useless task,  
 Had crawl'd to take a nap, into a cask.



The boy was soon found missing, and full soon

The boatswain's cat sagacious smelt him out ;

Gave him a clawing to some tune——

This cat's a cousin Germain to the Knout\*.

“ Come out, you sculking dog,” the boatswain cry'd,

“ And save your damn'd young sinful soul :”

He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,

And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky the boy march'd on, and did not mind him,

Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him :

“ Flog,” cried the boy, “ flog—curse me, flog away——

“ I'll go—but mind—God d—mn me if I'll *pray*.”

\* A common punishment in Russia.



# The KING of SPAIN and the HORSE.

IN sev'nteenth hundred sev'nty eight,

The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,,  
Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite

The peaceful natives of the western main,  
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,,  
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,,  
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,

Was thought Heav'n's cause amazingly to further ;;  
For which most pious reason, hard to work  
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,  
To charm the God of mercy with their murther!!

I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,  
In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd

A horse.



A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle :  
 Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd  
 To fix his foot the palfry to bestride ;  
 In vain !—he could not o'er the palfry straddle !

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd,  
 And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,  
 Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,  
 And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,  
 The horse attempted not to run away ;

At which the poor-chaf'd Monarch now 'gan grin,  
 And swore by ev'ry faint and holy martyr,  
 He would not yield the traitor quarter,  
 Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,  
 Hight Quixote, at a puppet show,  
 Did with more valour stoutly fight,

And terrify each little squeaking foe ;

When



When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray !  
 And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabb'd their hearts  
 of hay.

Not with more energy and fury  
 The beauteous street-walker of Drury  
 Attacks a sister of the smuggling trade,  
 Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,  
 Ah, me ! her paramour beguile,  
 And to her bed of healthy straw persuade ;  
 Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,  
 And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,  
 And now he kick'd, and sore the palfry bruis'd ;  
 Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,  
 And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick ;  
 And what excessively provok'd this Prince,  
 The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,  
 To shoot the rebel like a sparrow ;

H

And



And lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,  
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse!

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boor,  
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore;

Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast;  
Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,  
Most Indian-like the Monarch gave a yell,  
Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast;

Blest as Achilles when with fatal wound  
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,  
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!  
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,  
How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.



Lord B. and the EUNUCH.

A LORD, most musically mad,  
 Yet with a taste superlatively bad,  
 Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day—  
 A poor old *semivir*, whose throat  
 Had lost its love-resounding note,  
 Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.

“ Signor Squalini,” with a solemn air,  
 The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,  
 Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;  
 “ Signor Squalini, much I fear  
 “ I’ve got a most unlucky ear,  
 “ And that ’tis known to all the music band.

“ Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,  
 “ And, true it is, I don’t know flats from sharps :  
 “ Indeed,



“ Indeed, Signor Squalini, ’tis no hum ;  
 “ So ill doth music with my organs suit,  
 “ I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,  
 “ The hautbois from the double drum.

“ Now tho’ with Lords, a number of this nation,  
 “ I go to op’ras, more through fashion  
 “ Than for the love of music, I could wish  
 “ The world might think I had some little taste,  
 “ That those two ears were tolerably chaste,  
 “ But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

“ Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,  
 “ Gold shan’t be wanting to content ye.”——

“ *Bravissimo!* my Lor,” replied Squalini,  
 With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity ;  
 “ De nobleman mufs never look de ninny.”——  
 “ True,” cry’d the noble Lord, with German gravity.

“ My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,  
 “ Dey do no vant de vorld to tink dem poor,  
 “ Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse ;  
 “ Dis all same ting wid ignoraunce, my Lor.”——  
 “ Right,”



“ Right,” cry’d his Lordship in a grumbling tone,  
Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

“ But first I want some technicals, Signor”——  
Bowing, the Eunuch answered,—“ Ifs, my Lor ;

“ I teash your Lorship queekly, queekly, all,

“ Dere vat be call de *softenuto* note,

“ Dat be ven finger oppen vide de troat,

“ And den for long time make de squawl——

“ Mush long, long note, dat do continue while

“ A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

“ My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,

“ As if de finger vas in greef, or fick,

“ And had de colick——dat be ver, ver fine :

“ De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano* ;

“ De low voice, *basso* ; de soff note, *piano*——

“ *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

“ Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know——

“ *Allegro*, quick ; *Adagio*, be de flow ;

I

“ *Pomposo*,



“ *Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar :  
 “ *Maestoso*, dat be grand and nobel ting,  
 “ Mush like de voice of Emperor, or de King ;  
 “ Or you, my Lor,  
 “ When in de house you make de grand oration,  
 “ For fave, my Lor, de noble Englis nation.”

Thus having giv'n his lesson, and a bow,  
 With high complacency his Lordship smil'd :  
 Unravell'd was his Lordship's pucker'd brow,  
 His scouling eye, like Luna's beams, so mild :

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries sweet cajole  
 That praise-admiring wight yclep'd the soul ;  
 And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,  
 That great's the sympathy 'twixt soul and face.

“ Signor Squalini,” cry'd the Lord,  
 “ The op'ra is begun, upon my word—  
 “ *Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,  
 “ As soon as ever you shall find



“ A finger’s voice above or under pitch,  
 “ Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch.”

“ Ifs, ifs, my Lor, (the eunuch straight reply’d)  
 “ I sheet close by your Lorship side;  
 “ And den, accordin to your Lorship wifh,  
 “ I give your Lorship elbow littel twifh.”

Now to the opera, mufic’s founds to hear,  
 The old Cafrato and the noble Peer  
 Proceeded—Near the orchestra they fat,  
 Before the portals of the fingers’ throats!  
 The critic couple mousing for bad notes  
 With all the keenefs of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunifh note—  
 The Eunuch twitch’d his Lordfhip’s coat:  
 Full-mouth’d at once his Lordfhip roar’d out “ psha!”  
 The orchestra, amaz’d, turn round  
 To find from whence arofe the critic found,  
 When, lo! they heard the Lord, and faw!

The

The Eunuch kept most sily twitching,  
His frowning Lordship all the while,  
(Not in the cream of courtly stile)  
Be-dogging this poor finger, that be-bitching,  
Uniting too, a host of damning pshas,  
And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause: —  
Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,  
And tho' the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.



To the ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with smiling mien,  
Whisp'ring deceit to any King or Queen,

'Tis what the prince of foot hath often done——  
For lo, with many a King and many a Queen,  
In close *confab* the gentleman is seen——

With such hath Satan oft a world of fun——  
More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,  
Than all the little under world beside!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,  
If we may credit public rumour;

And all so civil in each act and look,  
That whensoever we incline  
On some rare dish of sin to dine,  
We can't employ a nicer cook.

K.

Who,

Who, too, so generous disdains  
 To take a fixpence for his pains—  
 Nay, at our money would be vexed;  
 Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,  
 Provided, when from *this* world we depart,  
 We join his fire-side in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,  
 Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,  
 Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:  
 Fir'd by the subject in my rhyming mode,  
 I complimented Satan with an ode,  
 Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.



## O D E   T O   T H E   D E V I L.

*Ingratum Odi.*

**P**RINCE of the dark abodes ! I ween  
 Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen  
     Yourself in metre shine ;  
 Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,  
 Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,  
     Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,  
 Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,  
     Of potent verse afraid ;  
 And yet I vow, in all my time,  
 I've not beheld a single rhyme  
     That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've

I've often read those pious whims—  
 John Wesley's sweet damnation hymns,  
     That chant of heav'nly riches.  
 What have they done?—those heav'nly strains,  
 Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,  
     But fill'd John's earthly breeches?

There's not a shoeblack in the land,  
 So humbly at the world's command,  
     As thy old cloven foot;  
 Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,  
 And yet no pickpocket's so maul'd  
     As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands hourly bent on sin,  
 With supplication call thee in,  
     To aid them to pursue it;  
 Yet, when detected, with a lie  
 Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,  
     “ The Devil *made* me do it.”

Behold



Behold the fortunes that are made,  
By men through roguish tricks in trade!

Yet all to thee are owing—  
And tho' we meet it ev'ry day,  
The sneaking rascals dare not say,  
This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm sure,  
No man can shun thee on that score;  
The very best is thine:  
With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,  
Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great,  
And many a grave Divine.

I'm sorely griev'd at times to find,  
The very instant thou art kind,  
Some people so uncivil,  
When aught offends, with face awry,  
With base ingratitude to cry,  
“ I wish it to the devil.”

L

Hath

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,  
To be the torment of his life,

By one eternal yell ;  
The fellow cries out coarsely, " Zounds,  
" I'd give this moment twenty pounds  
" To see the jade in hell."

Shou'd Heav'n their pray'rs so ardent grant,  
Thou never company wouldst want

To make thee downright mad ;  
For mind me, in their wishing mood,  
They never offer thee what's good,  
But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view  
A snuffling, long-fac'd, canting crew,

So much thy humble debtors,  
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,  
With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,  
And thus abuse their betters.

To



To seize one day in ev'ry week,  
On thee their black abuse to wreak,

By whom their souls are fed  
Each minute of the other fix,  
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,  
Is impudence indeed !

Blushing I own thy pleasing art  
Hath oft seduc'd my vagrant heart,

And led my steps to joy—  
The charms of beauty have been mine ;  
And let me call the merit thine,  
Who broughtst the lovely toy.

No, Satan—if I ask thy aid,  
To give my arms the blooming maid,

I will not, thro' the nation all,  
Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp)  
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,

But say, "'tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since

Since truth must out—I seldom knew  
 What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,  
 Till thou hadst won my heart—  
 So social were we both together,  
 And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,  
 I never wish'd to part.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought  
 That thou a pair of horns hadst got,  
 With eyes like faucers staring!  
 And then a pair of ears so stout,  
 A monstrous tail and hairy snout,  
 With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,  
 By day I us'd to dread the Devil,  
 And trembling when 'twas night,  
 Methought I saw thy horns and ears,  
 Then sung or whistled to my fears,  
 And ran to chace my fright.



And ev'ry night I went to bed,  
I sweated with a constant dread,

And crept beneath the rug;  
There, panting, thought that in my sleep  
Thou flily in the dark wouldst creep,  
And eat me, tho' so snug.

A haberdasher's shop is thine,  
With fins of all sorts, coarse and fine,  
To suit both man and maid :  
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes ;  
How cruel then, with constant cries,  
To vilify thy trade !

To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—  
Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth

Without thy aid, old Sweeper :  
So mawkish, few will put it down,  
E'en from the cottage to the crown,  
Without thy salt and pepper.

M

O Satan,

O Satan, whatsoever geer  
 Thy Proteus form shall chuse to wear,  
 Black, red, or blue, or yellow;  
 Whatever hypocrites may say,  
 They think thee (trust my honest lay)  
 A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears alas!)  
 To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;  
 Yet often I discover  
 A numerous band who daily make  
 An easy bridge of thy poor back,  
 And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,  
 Obsequious to a graceless band,  
 Whose souls are scarce worth taking?  
 O Prince, pursue but my advice,  
 I'll teach your Highness in a trice  
 To set them all a quaking.

Plays,



Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy ;

Lock up each charming *fille de joie* ;

Give race horses the glander——

The dice box break, and burn each card——

Let virtue be its own reward,

And gag the mouth of slander ;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,

There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,

That will not glad agree,

If thou wilt charm 'em as before,

To show their nose at church no more,

But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my ode should end ;

And now I tell thee like a friend,

Howe'er the world may scout thee ;

Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,

And folks so very fond of sinning,

They cannot do without thee.

The

## The TENDER HUSBAND.

Lo, to the cruel hand of Fate,  
 My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,  
     Refigns her tuneful breath—  
 Tho' dropp'd her jaw, her lip tho' pale,  
 And blue each harmless finger nail,  
     She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,  
 I scarce can think her but asleep—  
     How wonderfully tame!  
 And yet her voice is really gone,  
 And dim those eyes that lately shone  
     With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,  
 To take it in his head to smite—

To



To lift his dart to hit her ;  
 For as she was so great a woman,  
 And car'd a single fig for no man,  
 I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,  
 That many a sweet Capriccio sung,  
 And beat in sounds the spheres ?  
 No longer must those fingers play  
 Britons strike home, that many a day  
 Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears ?

• Ah me ! indeed I'm much inclin'd  
 To think I now might speak my mind,  
 Nor hurt her dear repose ;  
 Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,  
 Were I to put my fingers o'er,  
 And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause—  
 How wonderful are Nature's laws,

N

When

When Lady's breath retires,  
 Its fate the flaming passions share,  
 Supported by a little air,  
 Like culinary fires !

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,  
 Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,  
 And loud instructive lungs :  
 O Death, in her, tho' only one,  
 Are lost a thousand charms unknown,  
 At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,  
 And saw her gently-closing eye,  
 How great was my surprise !  
 Yet have I not, with impious breath,  
 Accus'd the hard decrees of death,  
 Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,  
 Since she'll be soon an angel fair ?

Ab !



Ah ! why my bosom smite ?  
 Could grief my Grizzle's life restore !——  
 But let me give such ravings o'er——  
 Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor ! you are come too late ;  
 No more of physic's virtues prate,  
 That could not save my lamb :  
 Not one more bolus shall be giv'n——  
 You shall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,  
 And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart,  
 And pills, she took to load a cart,  
 Before she clos'd her eyes ;  
 But now my word is here a law,  
 Zounds ! with a bolus in her jaw,  
 She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away ;  
 To hear my sighs you must not stay,

For

For this my poor lost treasure :  
 I thank you for your pains and skill ;  
 When next you come, pray bring your bill ;  
 I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,  
 For God's sake gently tread the room,  
 Nor call her from the bleft—  
 In softest silence drop the tear,  
 In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,  
 To bid her spirit rest.

Reprefs the sad, the wounding scream ;  
 I cannot bear a grief extreme—  
 Enough one little sigh—  
 Besides, the loud alarm of grief,  
 In many a mind may start belief,  
 Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care ;  
 Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare ;

Her



Her mouth, ah ! slowly close ;  
 Her mouth a magic tongue that held——  
 Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,  
 To peace, my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,  
 Of stoutest oak her coffin make——  
 I'd not be stingy, sure——  
 Procure of steel the strongest screws ;  
 For who wou'd paltry pence refuse  
 To lodge his wife secure ?

Ye people who the corpse convey,  
 With caution tread the doleful way,  
 Nor shake her precious head ;  
 Since Fame reports a coffin tost,  
 With careless swing against a post,  
 Did once disturb the dead.

O

Farewel,

Farewel, my love, for ever lost!  
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,

That I again will woo—  
By all our past delights, my dear,  
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,

P—x take me if I do!

The



## The SOLDIER and the VIRGIN MARY.

## A T A L E.

A Soldier at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,  
 To parry from his foul the wrath divine,  
 That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,  
 Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine ;  
 Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,  
 In filks or velvets, jewels, great and small,  
 Just like a fine young lady for a rout,  
 A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,  
 Begging her vote and interest in heav'n—  
 With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,  
 Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n :  
 Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery ;  
 Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,  
 Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,  
 And such like wonder-working mummary.

What

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,  
 Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,  
 The mouth of hist'ry doth not mention,  
 And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,  
 And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,  
     And sins so manifold confessing;  
 He drew, as if to whisper, very near,  
 And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,  
     Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then off he fat with nimble thanks,  
 Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:  
 A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,  
 Who, to his cost, soon understood  
 That he was not beyond the claw  
 Of that fame long-arm'd giant christen'd Law.

With horror did his Judges quake—

As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,  
 They doom'd him quickly to the stake,  
 Such was their dev'lish pious fury.



However, after calling him hard names,  
 They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,  
 To save his wretched body from the flames,  
 And sinful soul from terrible damnation.

The Soldier answer'd them with much *sang froid*,  
 Which show'd, of sin, a conscience void,  
 That if they meant to kill him, they might kill :  
 As for the diamond which they found about him,  
 He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,  
 That Madam gave it him from pure good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale :  
 The punishment was for a time deferr'd,  
 Until his Holiness should hear the tale,  
 And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope, to all his Counsellors, made known  
 This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,  
 Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known  
 To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The question now was banded to and fro,  
If Mary had the pow'r to *give*, or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,

The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r——  
This was a stumbling block that stopp'd the way——  
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!

And keep secure the di'monds that were left;  
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,  
And consequently it might be no theft,

But then they pass'd immediately an act,

That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact,

Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,

Or from the Saints of any land,

Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,

Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.



Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear  
 To need poetical assistance ;  
 Which bids you not let men approach too near,  
 But keep the saucy fellows at a distance ;  
 Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize  
 Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees !

An.

An ODE to eight Cats, belonging to Israel  
Mendez, a Jew.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.*

The TIME, *Midnight—the Poet at his Chamber Window.*

SINGERS of Israel, Oh ye fingers sweet,  
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,  
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,  
And to the sleepless wretch the night endear;

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,  
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks;  
Your friskings, crawlings, squawls, I much approve;  
Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,  
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,  
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How



How sweetly roll your goosib'rry eyes,  
 As loud you tune your am'rous cries,  
 And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!  
 No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,  
 No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,  
 But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want  
 To tie the matrimonial cord;  
 You call the matrimonial service, cant——  
 Like our first parents, take each other's word:  
 On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix——  
 To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!  
 Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle;  
 No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass;  
 No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,  
 Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,  
 To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Q

Nor

Nor of the lawyers have you need,  
 Ye males, before you seek your bed,  
 To settle pin-money on Madam:  
 No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n blefs ye,  
 Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,  
 Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,  
 No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,  
 No nightcaps snug—no trouble in undressing  
 Before you seek your strawy nest,  
 Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,  
 To feast on Love, heav'n's greatest blessing.

Good gods! ye sweet love-chanting rams!  
 How nimble are you with your hams  
 To mount a house, to scale a chimney top;  
 And, peeping down that chimney's hole,  
 Pour in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,  
 Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:



Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,  
 Answers your invitation note with joy,  
 And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;  
 Lo! born on Love's all-daring wing,  
 She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,  
 Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—  
 Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!  
 I do suppose you need not now be told  
 How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG

## SONG to DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,  
 To keep the image of my fair ;  
 Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,  
 And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget it's woe ?  
 The virgin would have mourn'd for me—  
 O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow ;  
 Th' sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,  
 Too many an unfeeling swain  
 Forfakes of solitude the shade,  
 For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast !—  
 Their easy hearts their tongues belie—  
 Who loves, reveres the fair one's ghost,  
 And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

ODE



Sir J. BANKS and the THIEFTAKERS.

SIR Joseph, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,  
Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings ;

And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling ;  
Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,  
Where Nature such exhaustless treasure yields,

A simpling !

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,  
The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,  
A simpling too for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded ;  
Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker so fly,  
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,  
And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,  
Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow ;  
On which he to his comrades cry'd, " See, ho !"  
Then jump'd (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

R

Hare-

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,  
With dread prodigiously appall'd—

The thieftakers no ceremony us'd ;  
But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,  
They bade him speak ;  
But first with names their captive Knight abus'd.

“ Sir, what d'ye take me for ? ” the Knight exclaim'd—

“ A thief, ” reply'd the runners with a curse :

“ And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damn'd ”—

And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse :

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,

A pocket handkerchief they cast their eye on,  
Containing frogs and toads of various shape,  
Dock, daify, nettletop, and dandelion,  
To entertain, with great propriety,  
The members of his sage society :

Yet would not alter they their strong belief,

That this their pris'ner was no thief!



“Sirs, I’m no highwayman,” exclaim’d the Knight——

“No—there,” rejoin’d the runners, “you are right——

“A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade——

“Yes, you’re a pretty babe of grace :

“We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face ;

“So come along with us, Old Blade.”

’Twas useless to resist, or to complain——

In vain, Sir Joseph pleaded—’twas in vain

That he was highly titled, that he swore——

The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,

Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,

His guardians laugh’d, and clapp’d, and cry’d “*encore.*”

Sir Joseph told them, that a neighb’ring Squire

Should answer for it that he was no thief :

On which they plumply damn’d him for a liar,

And said such stories should not save his beef ;

And if they understood their trade,

His *mittimus* would soon be made ;

And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,

For sending such a rogue to kingdom come.

Now

Now to the Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.

The runners taking him in tow,

Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,

Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,

So black, and of enormous size,

Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,

For fear the Knight might run away,

And made, indelicate, his breeches flack,

We've no authority to fay.

And now the country people gather'd round,

And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,

Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—

Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;—

Such is the populace's horrid nature

Tow'rds people thro' misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,

Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,

Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the Squire,

To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now



Now to the Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,  
 Who knew Sir Joseph at first fight——

What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen——  
 And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,  
 The thieftakers severely reprimanded  
 For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,  
 Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.——  
 Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,  
 Imagin'd that they could not well do less——

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,  
 And crav'd Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,  
 That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,  
 They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,  
 Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,  
*Viz.* not to judge of people by their *looks*.

## SOLOMON and the MOUSE-TRAP.

A Man in rather an exalted station,  
 Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,  
 Without distinction, fond of all things novel,  
 Ev'n from the lofty sceptre to the shovel—  
 Just like stray'd bullocks faunt'ring through the lanes,  
 Made frequent curiosity campaigns;  
 Sometimes caught grasshoppers—now more profound,  
 Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground;  
 Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,  
     His mind was wonderfully struck—  
 Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,  
     Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day,  
 In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;  
 Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,  
 Who found the world we've lost across the water;



But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,  
Lo! on dry land the gentleman set sail——

That day it chanc'd to be his will,

To make discoveries at Salthill ;

Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,  
Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,  
Doing their very best endeavour

To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Moufe ;  
Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,  
Because he eat the meat he could not pay for :

Resembling Christians in that saving trick,

Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,

Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,

That purchases, like money, beef and beer :  
Possess'd of *tick*, for cash man need not range,  
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap

His rare round optics on the wondrous trap

That

That did the duty of a cat;  
 And always fond of useful information,  
 Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation,

“ What’s that? — What, what? hæ, hæ; what’s that?”

To whom, reply’d the mistress of the house,

“ A trap, an’t please you, Sir, to catch a mouse.”

“ Mouse!—catch a mouse!” said Solomon with glee—

“ Let’s see—let’s see—’tis comical—let’s see—

“ Mouse!—mouse!”—then pleas’d his eyes began to roll—

“ Where, where doth he go in?” he marveling cry’d—

“ There,” pointing to the hole, the dame reply’d.—

“ What here?” cry’d Solomon; “ this hole, this hole?”

Then in he push’d his finger ’midst the wire,

That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish’d it out again with all his soul:

However, by a little squawl and shaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking—

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

“ What



“ What makes the moufe, pray, go into the trap ?

“ Something (he cry'd) that muft their palates please.”—

“ Yes, (anfwer'd the fair woman) Sir, a fcrap

“ Of rufty bacon, or of toafted cheefe.”

“ Oh ! oh ! (faid Solomon) oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

“ Yes, yes, I fee the meaning of it now——

“ The moufe goes in, a rogue, to fteal the meat,

“ Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat.”

Then laugh'd he loudly, fretch'd his mouth a mile,

Which made the mufcles of the widow fmile.

“ Let's fee, let's fee,” cry'd Solomon——“ let's fee——

“ Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me.”

Then took he up fome bacon, and did clap

A little flice fo clever in the trap.

Thus did he by his own advice,

Induce himfelf to bait a trap for mice !

Now home he hied fo nimbly, whelm'd with glory,

And told his family the wondrous ftory

T

About

About the widow's cheese and bacon scrap !  
 Nought suffer'd he to occupy his head,  
 Save mouse ideas, till he went to bed,  
 Where blest he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pause, and Heav'n's great goodness chaunt—  
 How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant  
 To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,  
 A pow'r of relishing most trifling things,  
 Pleasures ordain'd for brats in leading strings,  
 By way of happy harmless relaxation !

Next day the man of wisdom came,  
 All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,  
 To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon ;  
 When, lo ! to fill with joy his eager eyes,  
 And load those staring optics with surprise,  
 A real mouse was absolutely taken !

Not more did Rodney's joy this man's surpass,  
 When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse !



Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,  
Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,

Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail !  
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,  
(Men that with rich comparison supply us)  
When blest he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,  
Insulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er ;  
Laughing and peeping through the wire,  
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire !

How like to Tamerlane the great,  
Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,  
Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage ;  
Mock'd him before his mighty host,  
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,  
And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage !

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,  
He triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,  
When he would act heroically thus—  
And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd,  
 Which made the man of wisdom cry, "Oh! oh!"  
 As if with knowledge of cat speech endu'd,  
 He thought that pufs had answer'd "No."  
 On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke—  
 Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went  
 Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,  
 To catch the bacon-stealing mouse:  
 Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,  
 With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,  
 And show'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But pleasures will not last for aye;  
 Witness the sequel of my lay—  
 The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,  
 Much like the vanity of other people—  
 A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,  
 As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's steeple:

This



This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,  
 Design'd by God Almighty for her guard ;  
 And of its purpose got the full completion,  
 And all the widow's future glories marr'd :

For, lo ! by this fame vanity impell'd,  
 And to a middle-fiz'd balloon,  
 With *gas* of consequence sublimely swell'd,  
 She bursted with th' important secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salthill——  
 Loud laugh'd the merry Windfor folks around——  
 This was to Solomon an ugly pill !——  
 Her fatal error soon the widow found——  
 For Solomon relinquish'd mouse campaign,  
 Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again !

## PETITION to TIME,

In Favour of the Dutcheſs of Devonſhire.

**T**OO long, O Time, in *Bienſéance's* ſchool,  
 Have I been bred to *call* thee an old fool;  
 Yet take I liberty to let thee know,  
 That I have always *thought* thee ſo:  
 Full old art thou to have more ſenſe——  
 Then, with an idle cuſtom, Time, diſpenſe.

Thou really aſteſt now, like little miſſes,  
     Who, when a pretty doll they make,  
     Their curious fingers itch to take  
 The pretty image all to pieces:  
 Thus, after thou haſt form'd a charming fair,  
     Thou canſt not quit her for thy foul,  
 Till, meddling, thou haſt ſpoil'd her bloom and air,  
 And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But



But now forbear such doings, I desire—  
Hurt not the form that all admire—

Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle—  
Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,  
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,  
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous Dutchess fade,  
Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade;  
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,  
Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle—  
Then do not with this sweet *chef d'œuvre* part,  
But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.

## O E C O N O M Y.

O E C O N O M Y's a very useful broom ;  
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room  
 To catch each stragling pin to make a plumb—  
 Too oft Oeconomy's an iron vice,  
 That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,  
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper Oeconomy's a comely thing—  
 Good in a subject—better in a king ;  
 Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling—  
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean ;  
 Inclines them too to villany to lean,  
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,  
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,  
 And swallows up th' affections all so mild—  
 Witness the Jewess, and her only Child.



The J E W E S S and her S O N.

POOR Mistrefs Levi had a luckless fon,  
 Who, rufhing to obtain the foremoft feat,  
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,  
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,  
 He fell all plump into the pit,  
 Dead in a minute as a nit :  
 In fhort, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck ;  
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck !

The mother was diftracted, raving, wild——  
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kifs'd her child——

Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around :  
 Soon as the fhew'r of tears was fomewhat pafte,  
 And moderately calm th' hyfteric blaft,  
 She caft about her eyes in thought profound :  
 And being with a faving knowledge blefs'd,  
 She thus the playhoufe manager addrefs'd :——

X

“ Sher,

“ Sher, I’m de moder of de poor Chew lad,  
 “ Dat meet mishfartin here so bad—  
 “ Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,  
 “ Afs Moses haf nat fee de show.”



But as for Av’rice, ’tis the very devil;  
 The fount, alas! of ev’ry evil;  
 The cancer of the heart—the worst of ills:  
 Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;  
 No flow’r of virtue near it thrives—

Like Aconite, where’er it spreads, it kills.

In ev’ry soil behold the poison spring!  
 Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty Marlborough pilfer’d cloth and bread;  
 So says that gentle satirist Squire Pope;  
 And Peterborough’s Earl upon this head,  
 Affords us little room to hope,  
 That what the Twitnam bard avow’d,  
 Might not be readily allow’d.



## The Earl of PETERBOROUGH and the MOB.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,  
 The Earl of Peterborough took his way,  
 All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine——  
 The mob of London took it in their head,  
 This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread  
 To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,  
 The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;  
 And so uniting, join'd their forces  
 To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,  
 And told the mob that he was not his Grace;

Then bid them be convinc'd and look :  
 Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,  
 They told him that they better knew,

Then swore by G—— he was the Duke :

Then

Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,  
And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd—

Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd—

“Zounds!” cry'd the Earl, “be converts then this minute;”

So throwing fixpence to them, “there, there, there,

“Take that,” cry'd Peterborough, with a sneer—

“Now if you think I'm *he*, the devil's in it.”



## ODE to a DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame—

What tho' the parson did not tie the knot?

What tho' the boy should come?—he'll bring thee fame—

The world's an afs, and custom is a fot—

Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,

And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

EVE had no parson—for no priest was Adam,

And yet not out of countenance was Madam;

Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,

When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;

Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,

She sat about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;

Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing—

A likeness of my charming maid,

The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Y

Thou

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,  
 Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind—  
 So slow her motions! all so very slow!  
 And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the SUN,  
 The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,  
     Mounts high exulting in his birth;  
 Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,  
 Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,  
     And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kifs away thy tears—  
     Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;  
 And when this chopping boy appears,  
     Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

The



The GENTLEMAN and his WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing—  
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing!



A Man of some small fortune had a wife,  
*Sans doute*, to be the comfort of his life;  
And pretty well they bore the yoke together:  
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;  
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,  
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw  
Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare;  
And Slop appear'd, with fair obstetric paw,  
To introduce his pupil to our air;  
Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,  
Musing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now

Now fighting at the sorrows of his wife ;  
 Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain ;  
 But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,  
 He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in solemn study,  
 Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,  
 In Betty rush'd with comfortable news—  
 “ Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy—  
 “ Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy—  
 “ As fine as ever stood in shoes.”

“ I'm glad on't, Betty,” cry'd the master—  
 “ I pray there may be no disaster ;  
 “ All's with your mistress well, I hope ?”  
 Quoth she, “ All's well as heart can well desire  
 “ With Madam and the fine young Squire ;  
 “ So likewise says old Doctor Slop.”

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,  
 Fast and as hard as any horse  
 That trottesth fourteen miles an hour—  
 A pretty tolerable course.



Soon happy Betty came again,

Blowing with all her might and main ;

Just like a grampus, or a whale ;

In founds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover——

“ Sir, Sir, more happy tidings ; ’tis not over——

“ And Madam’s brisker than a nightingale :

“ A fine young lady to the world is come,

“ Squawling away just as I left the room——

“ Sir, this is better than a good estate.”——

“ Humph,” quoth the happy man, and scratch’d his pate.

Now looking up—now looking down ;

Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown——

“ Good God,” says he, “ why was not I a cock,

“ Who never feels of burd’ning brats the flock ;

“ Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams picking,

“ Whilst to the hen belongs the care

“ To carry them to eat, or take the air,

“ Or bed beneath her wing the chicken ?”

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,  
He found affairs not greatly mended ;

For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jigging—  
“ Another daughter, Sir—a charming child.”—  
“ Another !” cry'd the man, with wonder wild ;  
“ Zounds ! Betty, ask your mistress if she's *pigging*.”



# The PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,  
That 'mongst the apostolic band,

So ill divided are the loaves and fishes!  
Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons,  
With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,  
Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes;  
Whilst half th' inferior Cassocks think it well  
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *smell*.

A plodding Hostler willing to be master,  
And rise in this good world a little faster,  
Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;  
Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table,  
Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable—  
A pretty stud indeed—about a score.

Of

Of diff'rent colours were his Gospel hacks—  
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks :

That is, some tolerable—many sad :  
And verily, to give the Devil his due,  
The man did decency pursue,

Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo ! to dying persons of nobility,  
He sent his parsons of gentility

To give the necessary pray'r—  
To parting people of a mean condition,  
Wanting a soul phyfician,

He futed them with blackguards to a hair.

To fuch as were of mild diforders dying,  
*Viz.* of the doctor, gouts, or ftones, or gravels,  
He fent *good* priests—of manners edifying—

To comfort finners on their travels :

But to low people in infectious fever,  
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,  
Such was his honefity, the man for ever  
Moft fcrupuloufly fent a rogue.

It



It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,  
 Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,  
 When clergymen were busy all as bees ;  
 A poor old dying woman sent  
 To this same parson-monger compliment,  
 Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,  
 And *he* the very best of all! —

What should be done?

*Necessitas non habet legs*—

So to the priest he goes and begs

That he would visit the Old Crone.

“ Sir,” quoth the parson, “ I agreed

“ To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,

“ But not to ev'ry poor old lousy soul.”—

“ True,” cry'd the patron; “ to be sure 'tis true;

“ But, parson, do oblige me—prithee do—

“ Let's put her decently into the hole:

A a

“ All

“ All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad——

“ I’d do it, if I could, myself, by G—d ;

“ Then what a dickens can I do or say ?——

“ Go, mumble, man, about a pray’r and half ;

“ Tell the old b——ch her foul is safe ;

“ Then take your fee and come away!!!”

BIEN-



## B I E N S É A N C E.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,  
 Call'd by the natives *bienféance* ;  
 Much are the English mob inclin'd to scout it,  
 But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienféance* 'tis tedious to incline,

In many cafes ;

To flatter, *par example*, keep smooth faces  
 When kick'd, or suff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienféance* may seem an oddity—

I deem it a most portable commodity ;

A sort of magic wand ;

Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,

Although an utensil of much tenuity,

In place of something solid, it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow

To see an Englishman, the ninny,

Give people for their services a guinea,

Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows

Bows are a bit of *bienfiance*  
 Much practis'd too in that same France;  
 Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity;  
 But as they pay their court to peoples' vanity,  
 Like rolling-pins they smoothe where'er they go  
 The souls and faces of mankind like dough!  
 With some, indeed, may *bienfiance* prevail  
 To folly—see the under-written tale.

---

The Petit Maitre, and the Man on the Wheel.

AT Paris sometime since, a murd'ring man,  
 A German, and a most unlucky chap,  
 Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,  
 Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,  
 On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;  
 His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke  
 Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more;  
 Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,  
 The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flip-



A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,  
 Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry—  
 “ Boh !” quoth the German ; “ an't I' pon de wheel ?  
 “ D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel ?”

“ Sir,” quoth the beau ; “ don't, don't be in a passion ;  
 “ I've nought to fay about your situation ;  
 “ But making fuch a hideous noife in France,  
 “ Fellow, is contrary to *bienféance*.”

The Triumph of Isis, or Dr. Chapman's Thesis.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man  
 Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,  
 By virtue of his trade a Thesis \* order'd,  
 Which curs'd the terrible affaffination  
 Intended for the Monarch of our nation  
 By Marg'ret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd ;  
 That likewise prais'd the royal peep  
 On Oxford and the arts so deep.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,  
 He quite forgot latinity and graces :  
 Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,  
 Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet tho' a simple Doctor, how amazing !  
 He sat the University a blazing—

\* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Such



Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits—  
A farthing candle in a cask of spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,  
Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes;  
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames  
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,  
Who, purring for preferment, flily *moufes*,  
Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,  
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer;  
Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,  
With silver staves, blue gowns, and velvet caps—  
A set of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilst Hayes\*, who sticks like stag-hounds to a haunch,  
Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch:

\* The organist.

To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,  
The piper play'd ' the conqu'ring hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,  
As if the poor machine had got the gripes ;  
As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,  
He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his station—  
Crew open'd subject in a fair oration—

Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applause was news—  
Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,  
And, soaring, bade poor common sense good night,  
So lofty were the pinions of his muse !

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r—  
So strong his Poetry's mechanic pow'r,

High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever ;  
His muse's magnifying art so great,  
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete ;  
Small Peg, Goliath, and her knife a cleaver !



Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,  
 Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;  
 Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,  
 Expecting, by the next day's post,  
 To see their acts in pompous print display'd,  
 And wreathes of glory crown the cavalcade!

---

### A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

How uselefs was th' above! each person grieves,  
 And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out shame,  
 That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame—  
 Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,  
 Which poor Saint David giveth to support  
 The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court.

## ODE to PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,  
 Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,  
 With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,  
 So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;  
 Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,  
 I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,  
 If he but cuts a pimple on his face

When shaving;  
 Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,  
 Kicks up a most infernal rout,

And seemeth absolutely raving;  
 And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition—  
 Thus travel souls of people to perdition!

Stand at my side, oh stoic dame—  
 On starling Martyn bid me cry out “shame,”



Instead of knocking the dull fellow down ;  
 When up the ninnyhammer starts to preach,  
 And impudently interrupts a speech  
 Of orators of fair and first renown,  
 Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,  
 Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh ! attend me when my eyes  
 View dedications fill'd with fulsome lies,  
 In praise of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings ;  
 Heav'n swell the fountains of their hearts,  
 That seldom water the poor arts,  
 However sweetly adulation sings :

*Eke*, when I hear that stupid Parson H—,  
 God's house with ev'ry nonsense fill,  
 And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd ;  
 And when I hear th' impostor cry,  
 " I've news, you raggamuffins, from the sky ;  
 " I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd :

" I'm

“ I’m come from God, ye strumpets—come from God—

“ I’m God Almighty’s servant—hear my voice.”——

Which if it were so, would be vastly odd,

Since Heav’n would show bad judgement in the choice.

Dead all his money-loving soul’s desires,

When subtle Hawkesb’ry talks of patriot fires,

And yielding places up to save the nation ;

When of importance braggeth simple Leeds ;

When Gloster’s far-fam’d wife for meekness pleads ;

And Gloster’s Duke breathes war and desolation ;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and ease ;

When Thurlow turns the first of devotees,

And to astound the million, builds a church ;

When royal folks of purest friendship boast,

Make generosity their constant toast,

Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch ;

When wonders thro’ his spyglass Marlborough views,

And sends to Banks the great, th’ important news,

Fresh



Fresh from his *Cranium's* philosophic fogs ;  
When Dick descants on any thing but croute,  
When Thomson ought performs beyond a scout,  
And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs ;  
Sweet PATIENCE, sooth me with thy faint-like note,  
Or, driv'n to madness, I shall cut my throat !

D d

To

To a NEST of LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utensils, you seem distress'd,  
 And swear with horror that my rhymes molest  
     Of certain folks so great the sweet repose;  
 Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,  
 And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,  
     So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes!

Dear humming Lords, on friendship bray no more,  
 Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;  
 Lo! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,  
 In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,  
 Of friendship the sublimity to sound——  
 Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

*Perchaunce*, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been——  
*Perchaunce* your optics fair Versailles have seen;  
     Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,  
 And *eke* th' Escorial, pride of Spain confest;  
 But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eyeballs blest  
     See a pig hanging in a gate?

If



If e'er you did this last great fight behold,  
 You need not, Lords, so sapient, to be told  
 What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes :  
 Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs  
 In raising such ear-crucifying noise,  
 As if he really was tranfix'd with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs  
 Passing their happy hours amidst the bogs,  
 Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood ;  
 That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,  
 Lying like antient Romans on their sides,  
 And dining on the dainties of the mud ;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,  
 In which they had been batt'ning,  
 Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection ;  
 Just like the herd that had the devil,  
 Away they scamper, all so civil,  
 Resolving or to free him or to die—  
 Such is of swine the friendly quality,  
 Altho' proverbial for brutality !

But

But when at Newgate to be hung,  
 A Christian pours a dying song,  
 I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,  
 Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand  
 To keep him longer in the land,  
 And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes  
 Of seeing how a brother dies,  
 I, from the bottom of my soul, believe  
 They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to swing—  
 Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,  
 For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame—  
 I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,  
 Were you but tolerably sure  
 The next in pow'r would give you sixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (tho' with contempt you treat 'em)  
 Friendship from hogs, as well as eat 'em.

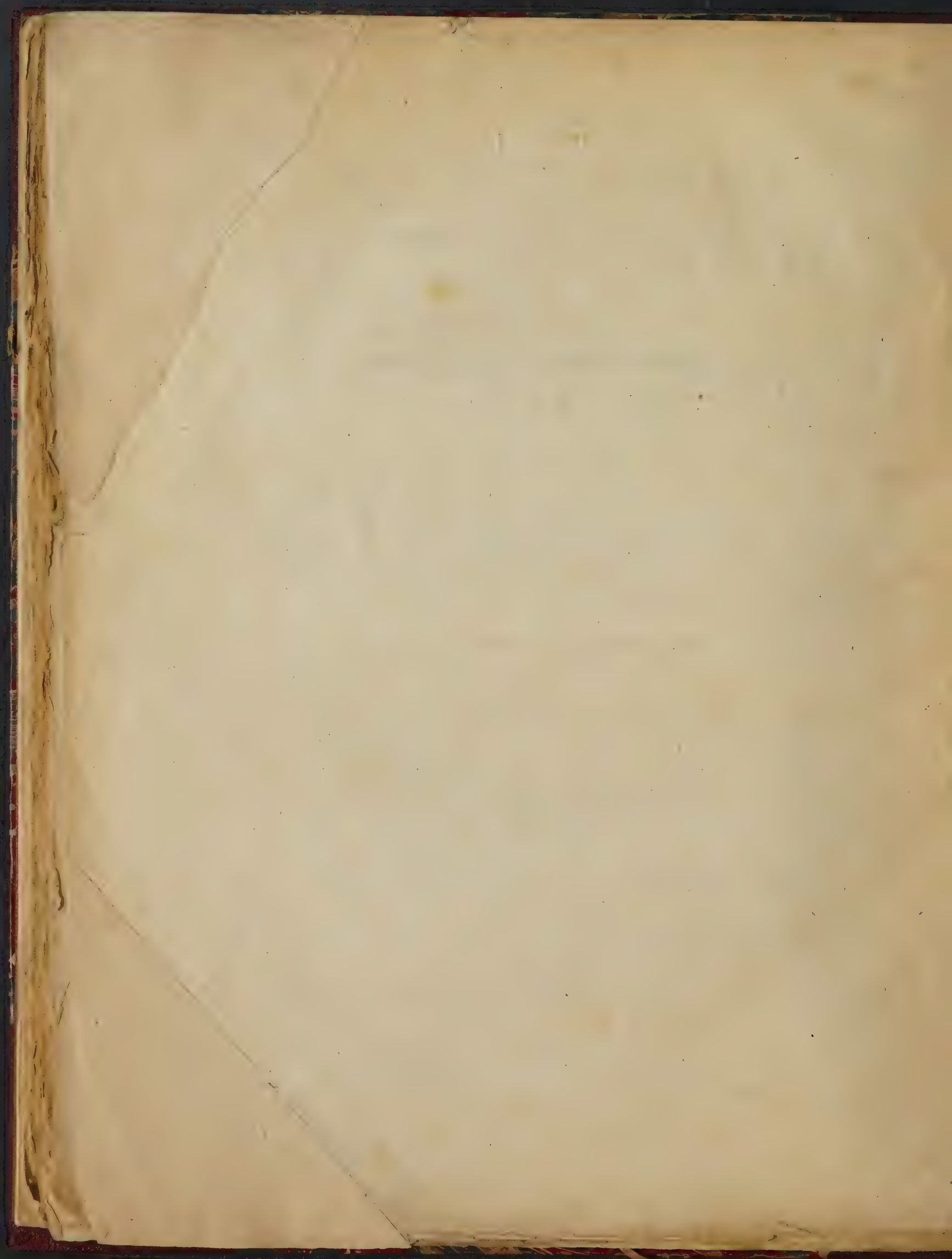
At



At length my subjects end, and now  
To Folly let me make my best Court bow—

O Goddess, still monopolize the GREAT:  
Then oft, to please the palate of the times,  
The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes,  
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

THE END.





The PROPRIETORS of the Works of  
PETER PINDAR, Esquire,

and themselves obliged, on account of the frequent Piracies  
of his Productions, to offer

TWENTY GUINEAS Reward,

On the Conviction of any Offender ;

The Money to be immediately paid by the Publisher,  
Mr. KEARSLEY, in Fleet Street; and the Name or Names of  
the communicating Party concealed.

*Simbar.*

A LIST OF  
PETER PINDAR'S WORKS,

Any of which may be had of G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet Street

	£.	s.	d.	
1. A Supplicating EPISTLE to the REVIEWERS, —	0	1	0	
2. LYRIC ODES to the Royal Academicians, for 1782, —	0	2	0	
3. — — — — — 1783, —	0	1	6	
4. — — — — — 1785, —	0	2	6	
5. FAREWELL ODES — — — 1786 —	0	3	0	
6. The LOUSIAD, Canto I. — — — —	0	2	6	
7. — — Canto II. — — — —	0	2	6	
8. Congratulatory EPISTLE to JAMES BOSWELL —	0	2	0	
9. BOZZY and PIOZZI, a TOWN ECLOGUE — —	0	3	0	
10. ODE upon ODE, or a PEEP at St. JAMES's — —	0	3	0	
11. An APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT to ODE upon ODE —	0	2	0	
12. INSTRUCTIONS to a certain POET LAUREAT —	0	2	6	
13. BROTHER PETER to BROTHER TOM — —	0	3	0	
14. PETER's PENSION, a solemn EPISTLE — —	0	3	0	
15. PETER's PROPHECY — — —	0	3	0	
16. SIR J. BANKS and the EMPEROR of MOROCCO —	0	1	6	
17. EPISTLE to a FALLING MINISTER — —	0	2	6	
18. SUBJECTS for PAINTERS — — —	0	3	6	
	£.	2	4	0

\* \* Complete Sets may now be had, including a Mezzotinto Engraving of the Author by one of the most eminent Artists.

N. B. The complete Set, without the Portrait of the Author, is spurious.



Miller Bros. # ad

4/26/13

